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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. X.

DERRY, N. H., MAY, 1919

NO. 8

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DERRY, N. H., 1919.

EDITORIAL

The new board of editors wish most heartily to congratulate those of the old board on their success with our school paper during the last year. We too, wish that in the coming year we may also receive as hearty congratulations as we give to them.

A few days ago a group of our girls went to an out of town ball game. The girls of that town did not give them a very good reception. They made slurring remarks, and did petty, mean little tricks to our girls; such as trying to push their feet

from under them when they were sitting down and flashing the reflection of the sun in a mirror into their eyes. Our girls resented this and have formed their own opinion about them.

We do not know that any of our girls have ever done such things as these to girls who came here with visiting teams, and we sincerely hope that if any have done it in the past they will not do it in the future.

We believe we have always treated the out-of-town girls fairly, and ask no more of them than fair play. We also believe that if those girls knew of the opinions we have formed of them they would never repeat such conduct.

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Four Big Men Become Boys Again

A few days ago I picked up a magazine and as I looked through it the following sentence caught my eye. Four Big Men Become Boys Again.

As I read on I found it to be a description of a ten days vacation, taken by John Burroughs, aged eighty-one; Thomas A. Edison, aged seventy-one; Henry Ford, aged fifty-five and H. S. Firestone, aged forty.

They started from Pittsburgh, went down through West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina to Asheville. They were ten days making this trip and not once did they sleep under any roof but the canvas of their tents. From Asheville they motored back, making a total of two thousand three hundred miles covered.

Edison was the dominant figure of the group, the only one who took books with him, and whenever it was time to stop to eat or sleep, while the others arranged the camp Edison would read.

Mr. Ford was the "handy man" Whenever anything went wrong with the cars he would get out and fix them. Not only for his own party, but if they met anyone on the road who was having trouble he was ready to help. He was also the most interested in the people of the lonely farms. He had with him a good supply of new crisp bills, which

he used to pay for some little service rendered by some barefoot girl or boy.

At one of their camps a little girl brought them a pail of apples, and Mr. Ford gave her a bill, to see her run her legs off to her parents.

One day while riding in a valley they came across a man cradling oats in a field. At once Ford, Firestone and Burroughs were out to show that they had not forgotten their boyhood days.

At night they usually pitched their tents near a spring or some clear mountain stream, generally about five o'clock. Burroughs' was put up first, as he was usually tired after the day's ride. After he finished his plain supper of toast and hot water, he would turn in, while the others were making ready to sit down to a hearty meal.

Edison took batteries with him and wires were run from one tent to the other, lighting them with electricity. Edison was never ready to stop going; but when he was forced to do so, he would begin to read. Ford and Firestone liked to climb and explore the neighborhood, but when this wasn't done, Ford would get hold of the ax and chop wood for the exercise.

Each had his own tent, with cot and plenty of bedding, but some times it was so very cold they would put the mattresses on the ground, because

they slept more warmly. Sometimes they would sit around the camp fire until midnight listening to the stories of Edison.

In the morning they were up about six-thirty; and while Edison, Firestone and Burroughs washed at a folding camp table, Ford was having his splash in the creek. While waiting for breakfast they would practice

shooting, all except Mr. Edison. In spite of Mr. Burroughs' years, he proved as good as the rest at this diversion.

After a breakfast of oranges and bananas, cereal, eggs, toast, coffee for two and hot water for two they made ready for the day's trip.

These are only a few of the things they did in those ten happy days.

L. F. '19.

Cinderella's Diary.

Dorothy Douglas was on her way home. Opposite her in the car was John Arnold. John did not realize that he was looking at her, but he was. At last she rose and got off quickly at a noisy street.

John did not notice till after the girl went that she had left a book. He turned the pages and found it to be her diary, Dorothy May Douglas was printed on the first page. So that evening after supper he read the pages of the little book.

"Monday--A hard day at the office. The boss is so very hard to please. When I get to the head of an office I shall try to make them like me. Well, I hope I'll never be the head of an office. I rather have a cottage with white muslin curtains and red geraniums in the windows and keep a cat."

"Tuesday—I saw a lovely dress in a store window. If I were a Cinderella I'd write to my fairy godmother and tell her to send me the dress but

there isn't any fairy godmother or any Prince.

The last page read, "I am invited to a party, but I haven't any party dress to wear, and no Prince."

Mrs. Curtis was John's aunt and so John decided to take her in his confidence. The next morning she spent with her nephew shopping. The pretty blue dress with gold, and the gold slippers which Dorothy wanted were packed in a large box and sent to her.

John went to the party and danced a great deal with Cinderella.

"Did you know. Cinderella said, 'I've seen you before.' 'Have you? Where?'"

She told him where and told him she had lost her diary that night, also about the clothes that were sent to her.

"I'm telling you this, because I thought you might have noticed if there were any old ladies round." "It's almost twelve," she said "I

musn't forget that I must go."

"Oh, no," he begged, "If you are Cinderella, with a fairy godmother, you must have a prince too, I wonder if I could be the prince?"

"We'll have a home with white muslin curtains and red geraniums in the windows."

"It couldn't have been you who found the diary."

John told her he had not meant to tell. "You see I'd much rather be the Prince."

"Oh, well" she said, "if you'd rather, I think I should like it best that way too."

E. P. '20.

The Surprise.

Betty sat on the top step, chin in hand, elbow on knees, such a dejected little girl you never saw. "Would the mail man never come?" A long sigh followed these words, "I wonder if the terrible storm will prevent his coming."

No! here he was coming up the path looking just like a snow man.

Betty, full of the happiness waved the long looked for letter she took from the mailman.

"It's for you mother," she said, and I can tell by the Y. M. C. A. triangle that its from brother Jim." "Yes, Betty it's for me and here is a little note inside for you."

But when Betty had read the little note her big blue eyes were no longer sparkling with joy, she was very sober. The note told her that no more letters were to be sent to Jim at the Camp where he had been training. The regiment to which he belonged was to move at once. Betty knew that meant he was to be taken over the sea to France.

"Oh! dear, and I was going to

have his socks done to go in tonight's mail," she said wistfully, "only five more rows" "But what's the use of finishing them now, mother?"

"Finish them just the same little girl. It is surprising what lovely things happen when you least expect them. Perhaps there will be a way to get these socks to Jim before he sails."

Stitch by stitch Betty finished the last rows on the socks of warm gray yarn that her small fingers had knit so faithfully for big brother. Not one stitch had slipped from the amber needles, and there wasn't a rough place on the sock. So the socks were finished and put carefully away to await the chance of getting them to her soldier.

Betty had just tumbled into her cosy little bed when she heard a loud laugh on the stairs. You may be sure it was not many moments before Betty was on those same stairs. And there was Jim, brother Jim, waiting to greet her.

Jim could only stay a short time but Betty had time enough to give

him one big hug and slyly slip into his pocket a gray bundle which look-

ed very much like a pair of knitted socks.
C.M. '19.

How Jimmie Popped the Question.

Everyone wondered when Jimmie Osgood would propose. He had been "going with" Mary Johnson for three years, but he was very bashful, and had not yet found courage to put the question. But suddenly he surprised everyone by doing it in an unexpected way.

The little village was looking forward to a great event. The Baptist church had recently called a new preacher to its pulpit, and was to give him a grand reception. The vestry where the affair was to take place had been decorated by the girls of the church with daisies and streamers of evergreen. The ice cream and cake were all solicited, and crowning glory of all, a real orchestra was to furnish the music. Surely nothing better could be found in a city church.

The orchestra itself had been awaiting the reception with some anxiety. This was to be its first appearance, and it wished to make a good impression. It had been practicing for several weeks, and had decided on Selections from the Grand Operas as its most important piece. This

was to be played when the evening was at its height.

The time for the reception came, and people began to arrive and be ushered in by the village girls. As luck would have it, when Jimmie Osgood entered, Mary Johnson was the only usher unoccupied, and she bashfully went up to him and took his arm.

Just about this time the orchestra started its great success, "Selections from the Grand Operas" and Mary and Jimmie walked toward the minister to the familiar strains of "Here Comes the Bride," the wedding march from Lohengrin.

At first, no one saw the significance of the occasion. But in a moment a smothered giggle came from a group of girls, then someone burst into a loud laugh, and at once the whole room was in an uproar.

At this point the couple reached the minister, who said, "Well Jimmie is this a rehearsal for what is to come?" Jimmie suddenly finding his tongue, replied "Yes sir, isn't it Mary?" and Mary was so surprised that she had to answer "yes."

R. R. '19.

When Niagara Falls Ran Dry

In the year 1848 Niagara Falls ran dry. This may seem an almost unbelievable statement but nevertheless it is true.

On the morning of March 31, 1848, the people living near the falls were awakened by a strange stillness. They were all badly frightened, and some thought the end of the world had come. Others believed it was the calm before a great hurricane.

As it grew lighter they noticed that only a few small streams were trickling over the precipice of the Falls, and the river bed was nearly dry.

The winter of 1847 and 1848 was extremely cold, and the ice in Lake Erie that season was unusually thick. When the ice broke up, toward the

end of March, there was a strong northwest wind blowing, which piled the ice up in floes and great dams. On the night of March 30 the wind changed suddenly to the opposite direction, and the ice was hurled back with such force that it formed a huge dam at the entrance of the Niagara river.

For one whole day the river was completely cut off from its source of supply which caused the falls to run dry.

The people near the falls walked about in the bed of the river all day, and found many lost articles.

Early in the morning of April 1, the ice in the river gave way and torrents of water rushed over the falls as they had for years before.

H. W. '19.

The Crow



Caw, Caw, Caw,
Mother crow has left
us and has sent me
to take her place.
Oh, dear, I had never
left the tower before
and at first I was
quite frightened, be-
cause there is so
much hilarity at the
socials, but I am be-

ginning to take a lot of interest in it
all, and really enjoy these little trips

from the tower.

The first thing that brought me to
the realization of the responsibility
mother crow had given me was the
Critic Social. Oh! such laughter and
fun floated up to me from the hall.
I have a great deal of curiosity and
in order to satisfy it I flew down and
peeked in the window. Ice cream,
fudge and peanuts were rapidly van-
ishing down red-lanes. I stayed a
few moments to watch the dancing
and before I realized it, the lights

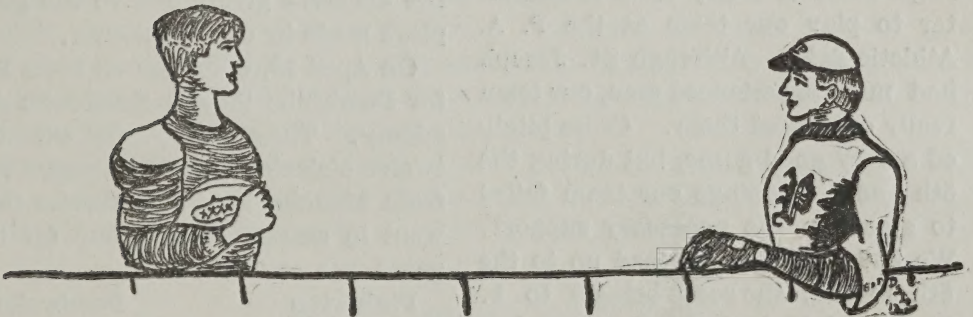
went out and I found myself blinking in the dark. I flew back to my perch thinking, "what a lovely time they had all had."

The next general disturbances were the debates. The girl's debate with Hampton was splendid and I enjoyed listening to it immensely. But a week later when the boys debated with the Austin Cate boys I realized that a perch under a bell is not al-

ways an ideal spot, especially if they continue to be the victors.

I had heard of the successful play given by the 1919 class and how happy I was to hear that it was to be repeated. I flew down to Memorial hall on Friday evening, April 25, and found a nice little round window to peep through. Oh! how well they all did! I certainly was proud of the Senior class and I flew back thinking "how, we shall miss them."

ATHLETICS



Early this spring some of the boys thought of holding baseball meetings. The idea spread and it proved a success. The meetings were started, Martin was chosen chairman. Blake Hepworth and Bolduc were chosen as a committee. The meetings were held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Many things were brought up in these meetings that

some of us had never heard of before and those who were present who do not play ball surely learned a good deal about the game. There was always a good attendance at the meetings. One of the principal things brought up was school spirit. There is surely nothing better than sports for a boy. They make him physically strong and more able to

meet a hard task. One very seldom sees an Athlete that walks round shouldered. They learn to carry themselves properly. It is said that "a ball player is not made but born" That may be so but they may become more perfect by practice, for "practice makes perfect."

TRACK

Track practice has begun and Mr. Walbridge is coaching the tryouts. If it is possible, we shall have meets with other schools, besides our school rival, Sanborn Seminary. We have very good material and it will surely prove a success if the boys will only pay attention to it.

On Tuesday April 23 St. Joseph High came to Derry from Manchester to play our team at the P. A. Athletic field. Although St. Joseph had more experienced men, our team really outplayed them. Cross pitched a very good game, but during the 5th and 7th innings our team failed to give him the necessary support. We had an eight run lead up to the 5th inning, the score being 9 to 1. St. Joseph had a batting rally and as Pinkerton failed to hit the score at the end of the game was 11-9 in favor of St. Joseph.

Batting order:—

P. A.
Flitts, ss.,
Bolduc, c
Bergeron 2b
Goldsmith 3b

St. Joseph
Sullivan lf
Shea, 3b
O'Conner cf
Marshall, c

Hepworth, 1st b
Cross, p
Bogle r f
Rice, c f
Rand l f
Barrett, ss
Hanney, 1 b
Goggin, r f
St. Onge p

Score by inning:—

Pinkerton 0 3 6 0 0 0 0 0 0—9
St. Joseph 0 1 0 0 3 0 4 3 0—11
Strikeouts, St. Onge, 6; Cross 7.

Capt. Martin was unable to play on account of a sore back.

The girls are backing up the school very well and have very good cheers and a large supply of them. Marie Barker is our cheer leader and she certainly keeps the students alive. It surely pleases the boys on the team very much to see that they have someone backing them up. The players have also noticed that the cheerers give credit to the good plays made by our opponents.

On April 19, our baseball team left for Pembroke to play Pembroke Academy. They went up on the twelve o'clock car to Manchester and from Manchester to Pembroke they went in autos. The lineup for the game was as follows:—

Pinkerton	Pembroke
Fitts ss.	Hillman ss
Bolduc c	Martin p
Bergeron c f	Farden c
Martin 1b	Ludbow lf
Hepworth 2 b	Nixon 3 b
Goldsmith 3 b	Sargent r f
Rand r f	Yeaton 1 b
Cross p	Farumn 2 b
Rice l f	
Bogle l f	

Score by inning

Pinkerton	0	0	1	1	1	2	1	1	0—7
Pembroke	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Strikeouts; Cross 6; Martin 4;

Losing pitcher Martin; Runs Bolduc 2, Fitts1, Bergeron 1, Hepworth 2, Goldsmith 1.

The game was well worth seeing, and although Pembroke tried very hard to hold us down we made a sufficient number of scores making the game quite one sided. Only one of their men reached third base during the game and only 3 reached 2nd.

On April 26 Dummer Academy came to Derry to play Pinkerton at the P. A. Athletic field. Mr. Smith who coached Pinkerton in football and baseball for about four years until he left us in the winter of 1916, is coaching Dummer. We could see very well that he came up here almost sure of the game but we disappointed him by beating them in the last of the ninth inning. The score being 5-4. That showed that Coach Dyke had put a great deal of

time into his team. By defeating Dummer we defeated one of the strongest prep. school teams. Although the weather was very cold we had a very good attendance and those who were there surely did not regret it, and would not miss another game like it under any conditions.

Pinkerton	Dummer
Fitts ss,	A. Lufkin ss
Bolduc c	Worcester rf
Bergeron p	R. Phillips 2b
Goldsmith 3b	H. Phillips c
Martin 1b	Leavit 3b
Hepworth 2b	Waring 1b
Cross lf	Marsh cf
Rice cf	Holt p
Bogle rf	McMahain lf

Score by inning:—

Pinkerton	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	1—5
Dummer A.	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—4

Bergeron pitched a very good game getting twelve strikeouts and the team gave him very good support.

Holt had a good supply of speed but we enjoyed it, so that he only got 5 strikeouts.

Our Language.

'Did you call Edith up this morning?'

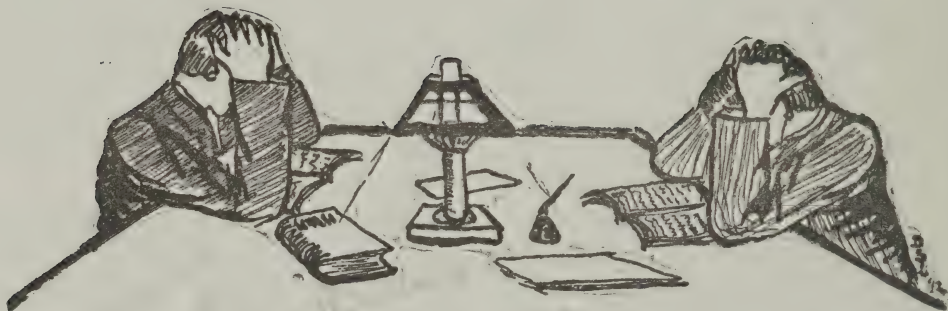
"Yes, but she wasn't down."

"But why didn't you call her down?"

"Because she wasn't up."

"Then call her up now and call her down for not being down when you called her up."—Boston Transcript.

GRINDS



Miss P. Rev. Math.

"Name some smooth surfaces which are not plane."

R. R. '20. Chester & Derry car track.

Miss F. French 3. (To three girls who were crowded into one double seat.)

"Is there only one book for the three of you?"

One girl, "No we have two"

Miss F. (speaking to rest of the class) "If anybody feels cool crowd in together."

Miss P. Rev. Math.

"What is the base of a triangle?"

C. W. '20 "The side it sits on."

R. C. '19. After the turtles die they crawl out of their skins.

French 2. Miss F.

We say some "inkling, some little ink, Ink being black—before the war!"

Miss P. Geom

"Why do people "cut across" a vacant lot?"

F. E. '19. "To save time."

Mr. W. Eng. 3.

"For Monday you will please write an 800 page theme."

Luckily for us it happened to be an 800 "word" theme only.

(Heard in room 7) There was a deep rumbling overhead.

Miss F. "I should say we had a troop of turtles overhead."

French 2.

V. J. '19 (Translating) "A performing lawyer."

Miss F. "A performing lawyer! We've heard of performing bears."

Mr. H. Eng. 4. "In the lighter plays there are always more women." (Speaks well for the women doesn't it?)

A. H. '19. (In Philomathean)

"The president of the United States is a man and probably will be for some time."

Yes Archie Mr. Wilson has no intentions of becoming a woman just yet.

Mr. W. Eng. 3. "What is Pilgrim's Progress called?"

E. B. '20 "An antidote" (Meaning an anecdote)

Oh, Eleanor, dear, whence came those curls?

The pride of our life, the joy of all girls?

You roll 'em and twist 'em and pull 'em around,

Then with a black ribbon you tie 'em down.

Rudolph sits, and sigh after sigh,
He breathes for the apple of his eye.
She is a peach, no doubt at all.

Our curly haired Eleanor, our pretty French doll.

L. Mcg. Eng. 3. "Current events (The latest) is a telephone connection with Mars."

We are progressing "some".

Archie, Archie, (this is sad, but true)
Has got so many girls that he don't know what to do,

But what's he going to do when he grows old and wise,

And finds that although—

He's got a dozen sweethearts, he can only have one wife?

MOVE TO UTAH, ARCHIE.

Why is it, that when a fellow finds a note saying that he has no brains, and signed by a girl he dislikes, he immediately begins to pay attention to her?

Ask Eph, he knows

(no, we didn't copy this from a cigarette advertisement. We thought it up all ourselves)

Girls! did you realize that J.B.B. '20 is a perfect Arrow collar Boy? We'll say he is! Now, if he would only part his hair in the middle, he'd be complete.

We understand that two of the Seniors are married.—Why were we not invited? (Yes, it was rather sudden—but then.)

Y. W. C. A.

In April Miss Southwick, a representative of the National Young Woman's Christian Association came to Derry. She asked that the Pinkerton Academy Y. W. C. A. make a canvas of the town of Derry for the collection of one hundred dollars. Derry's quota for the National Association

A committee was appointed to take charge of this work.

Derry Village

Capt. Helen Worledge '19

Carolyn Sefton, '21

Ethel Wilson '22

Derry Depot

Capt. Loena Fullonton '19

Marie Barker '20

Gladys Fullonton '22

East Derry

Capt. Lorna Stockdale '19

Marion Aiken '20

Helen Wilson '21

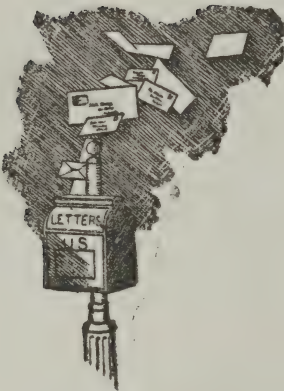
Derry Depot

Capt. Alice Swain '19

Louise Maguire '20

Alma O'Neil '21

It is hoped that everyone will contribute to this fund to help further the good work of the Y. W. C. A. in the United States.



Exchanges

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass., your exchange columns are especially good.

The Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass., your jokes and editorials are good but why not have a few comments on your exchanges?

Bulletin of The Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., seems as if your paper could be improved by jokes and exchanges.

The Olympian, Biddeford, Me. Your exchanges were recorded in a new and appropriate way for Easter,

but there weren't many of them.

The Rail Splitter, Lincoln High School, Lincoln, Ill., your paper is the best yet,, and a new one too. Keep it up, you're doing fine.

The Unionite, Union High School Grand Rapids, Mich., some snaps, Your paper's a dandy.

The Forrester, Forrest Avenue High School, Dallas, Texas.

The Bulletin, San Quentin, Cal.

The Sassamon, Natick High school Natick, Mass., Some good stories.

The High School Review, Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.

M. H. B. '20.

1921

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Tufts College Dental School admits graduates of accredited high schools on presentation of their diploma and transcript of record covering fifteen units. Many successful women practitioners are among its graduates.

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